



## Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at <http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content>.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact [support@jstor.org](mailto:support@jstor.org).

State Street. Whatever the explanation, Henry Adams, one of the ablest Americans of the past fifty years, succeeded almost completely in effacing himself from the political landscape.

The reviewer has carefully examined Dr. Moran's book and is glad to testify to the justness of its conclusions, to its value as a summary of the two major themes which the author has undertaken to treat, and to its exceedingly attractive form. Professor Moran writes interestingly, and the entertainment of the reader is a perfectly legitimate, though not the chief object of an author. So easy is it to ascertain his meaning that without effort one finds one's self at the end of his volume, regretting that he did not prepare a narrative somewhat more ample. Like other books by Professor Moran this is marked by evidences of excellent scholarship.

---

**Life and Letters of Thomas Hodgkin**, By Louise Creighton.  
London, New York, Bombay, Calcutta, and Madras: Longmans  
Green & Co., 1917. Pp. 445. Price, \$4.50 net.

This work is not, as is sufficiently indicated by its title, a commentary on the writings of Thomas Hodgkin, but a biographical sketch confirmed by countless excerpts from his tireless epistolary correspondence. Voluminous and vast, the Miltonic phrase, is perhaps the only description in our language which adequately suggests the extent of his compositions. But the reviewer disclaims any thought of hinting at a connection between the pious historian and the porters of the inferno. We have never read the whole of *Italy and Her Invaders*, the masterpiece of Hodgkin, and the work that engaged so many of the best years of his busy life. But its merits one is willing to accept on the concurrent testimony of eminent historians and the public approval of universities undoubtedly great. Of Hodgkin's writings the reviewer has hitherto fully read only the first volume of a *Political History of England* published by Messrs. Longmans, Green, and Company. In its pages he discovered nothing whatever that was new. In fact, that performance is an excellent illustration of mediocrity in historical writing. This impression was all but effaced when Mrs. Creighton's volume came up for examination. It is to be regretted that she did not cast her

narrative in another form and impose upon her subject a measure of silence. She permits him to speak too much. There is, however, an evident advantage in her plan, for from the multitude of his dreary letters the reader is able to collect the principles of the historian.

The narrative and the testimony shows that Hodgkin was an affectionate son, a devoted husband (to successive wives), and a fond father. In short, in his case the domestic virtues were ideal. He was a loyal subject of his sovereign, an enlightened employer, a helpful friend, and a public-spirited leader in the communities in which he lived. He had been systematically educated, had been a diligent, if not a brilliant student, and during the course of a long life was noted for his extraordinary industry. Though he was a banker of ability, he was never so much attached to the profits of business as to devote to it his entire energy. The muse of history, he was persuaded, had sent him a message to deliver to men. Therefore, when not engrossed by problems of private finance, he was forever talking and writing. Judged by his attributes and his appearances, Hodgkin was a typical English gentleman, and a versatile one. Nevertheless, this urbane writer had limitations not less obvious than his merits. Doubtless the intolerance of his age, which excluded members of the Society of Friends from both Oxford and Cambridge, was a disadvantage which somewhat disabled him through all his days and it may serve to explain his own rooted prejudices.

As a youth Hodgkin, who chanced to be in Dublin with his father, had witnessed a contested election for the representation for Trinity College. The hustings, located in that celebrated seminary of learning, "reeked with Orangeism." The fitness of candidates for the imperial legislature was judged by the vehemence with which they could proclaim their hatred of the Pope and the suffrages of the learned were solicited on the ground of superior powers of vituperation, each candidate professing to be the Lord's own trumpet. The tides of angry declamation failed to attract Hodgkin to Irish politics. Vulgarity indeed appeared never to have successfully appealed to his dignity. Not that he was shocked by the character of the invectives directed at the

Pope, but it was an unpardonable offence against taste. Of the Popes he had himself often exclaimed, "Oh, the Vicars of Christ, how the earth groans and has groaned under them."

The issue between the North and the South, Hodgkin saw clearly. He did not desire England to be dragged into the great American conflict on the side of pro-slavery interests. On that question his Quaker principles led him to take the right-hand road. He was also able to anticipate the judgment of the English people in the midst of the Russo-Turkish war. He feared that England might once more espouse the cause of the Turk. But at that time even diplomats were aware that in 1854 they had backed the wrong horse. Great Britain had recovered from her infatuation for the subjects of the Sultan. But justice to the negro and to the dwellers in the Balkans was one thing, while justice to the Irish was quite another matter. "His indignation over Gladstone's conversion to Home Rule," says the author, "was deep and lasting." Over that question he broke with several of his Liberal friends, and he labored to the limit of his powers to avert the calamity of a self-governed Ireland.

What particularly disturbed the repose of Dr. Hodgkin was the proximity of anything Catholic. Mrs. Creighton informs us that toward the ecclesiastical history of the period covered by his great work his attitude was "cold and almost contemptuous." In this attitude he had the example of a distinguished predecessor in another field of history. Hume's history of England, as we remember it from a distant reading, fails to note the influence of Christianity upon the development of the British Isles. Whether that force operated for good or for ill it was the duty of the chronicler to advert to the fact. Hodgkin regarded Naples as more than a half-way house toward an Oriental city. Traveling in Italy, he acknowledges, always made him a "bitter Protestant." The stimuli of that country's ancient memorials and modern art were really not needed, for this bitterness was subjective. Hodgkin actually preferred paganism to Catholicism. Unfortunately in that opinion he was not alone. One of his letters, a dull composition for a student who had read *Marmion*, describes a visit to Lindisfarne. That historic spot, according to the excerpt, suggested no allusion except to the fate of Pharaoh's army whose horses and chariots, the poet tells us, were sunk in

the waves. Holy Isle and Whitby recalled to his mind nothing save the Biblical allusion to an experience which he thought similar to his own. There was really nothing in his cavalcade or his caravan to call up a vision of Memphian chivalry. At Albi a view of St. Cecelia's Cathedral led him to remark that it seemed incongruous "that that slight musical little saint" should have had such an edifice dedicated to her honor. Veneration for the Blessed Virgin, who is sometimes said to have been a slight little lady, has led many a town of southern Europe to build edifices not less stately. Hodgkin regarded *Janus* as "an astonishing book certainly to have been written by any Roman Catholic." He hesitated about the epithet *vicarious* because it was not Biblical but scholastic. He appears to have drawn everything from the Bible except its charity, its poetry, and its sublimity. At Nazareth he would not go to the Church of the Annunciation, for he was "quite tired of these so-called holy places, so monotonous in their tawdry decorations and so redolent of the ecclesiastical humbug of many generations." If Dante could have partaken of certain waters in Wales, he "might have written a really fine poem." One is scarcely expected to maintain that he did write a splendid poem. The Oxford Movement, the historian asserts, was *the greatest spiritual misfortune of our country*. In the enjoyment of such feelings Hodgkin passed happy days.

After a careful survey of this level stretch of desolation one turns with pleasure to peruse once more the letters of Cowper, also an Englishman and a Protestant. One who has been introduced to DeQuincy, or Newman, or Burke, or Ruskin, or even Macaulay will not find it easy to admit Hodgkin to the circle of his select friends. If, at the outset, the author had resolved to reveal to the readers of *Italy and Her Invaders* the personality of the historian, that purpose has been admirably accomplished. Our criticism is not of her art, but of her choice of a theme.

---

**A History of Europe.** By A. J. Grant. New York: Longmans, Green & Co., 1917. Pp. iii+751. Price, \$2.75.

To write the history of Europe as an organic unit, and not as a group of separate states, requires a fine sense of perspective, proportion and continuity, and a constant subordination of inter-related parts<sup>7</sup> to the whole. The present work weaves together